



OKAY MEDIA 70

MEDIA: The Literary Magazine of
Palm Beach Junior College,
Lake Worth, Florida, 33460
Volume XIV April 1970

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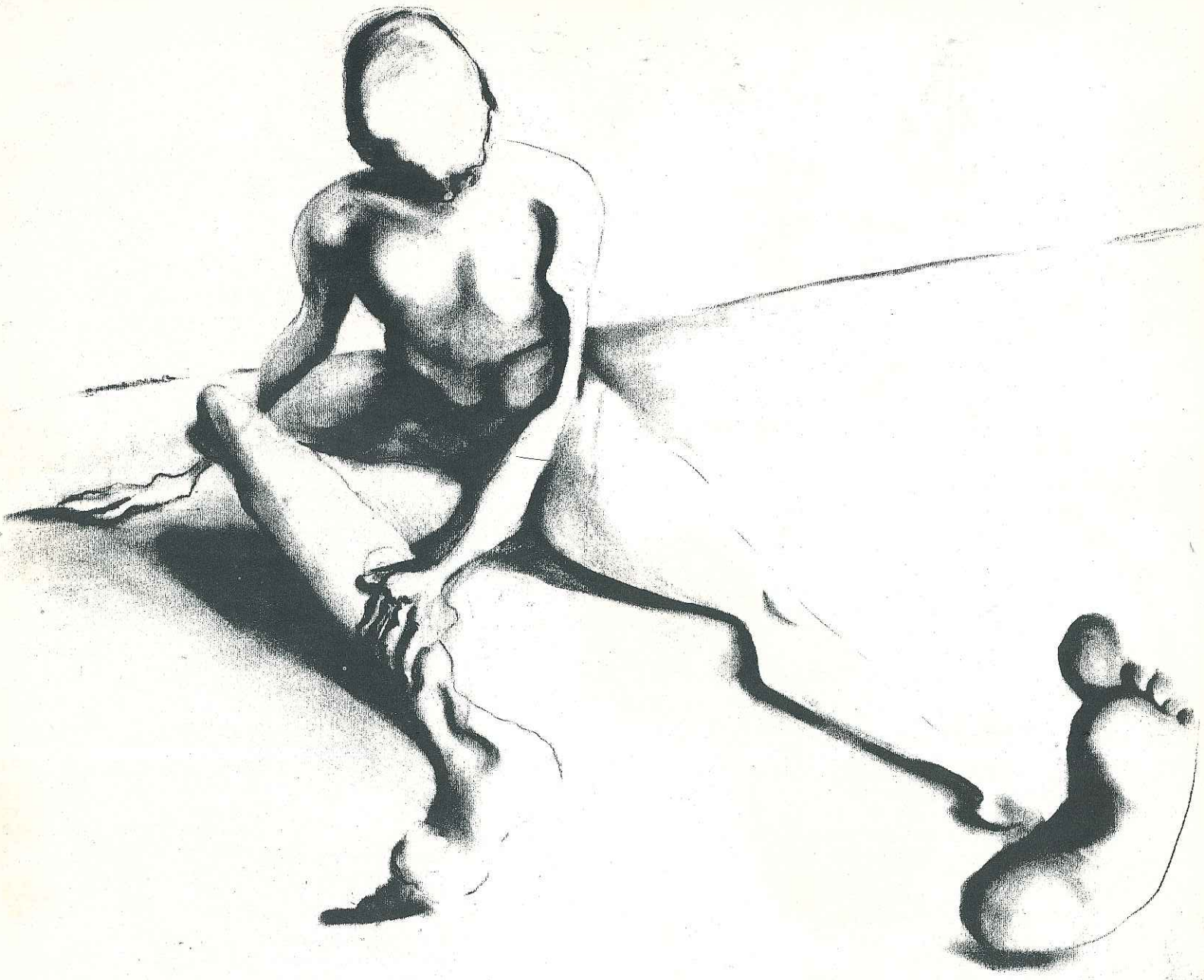
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FOREWORD

MEDIA is one of the opportunities offered by Palm Beach Junior College for the creative development of its students. A literary magazine, it continually searches for new talent, and it takes pride in presenting as many samples as possible of this talent.

Contributions to MEDIA are judged solely by a student editorial board. The board is selected from students interested in writing, volunteers who give their time because they like to work with writers and writing. Each contribution is given a number when it is received in the editorial office, and all material is read and judged by this number. The majority of contributions receive a minimum of two readings, most are read three times. Final selection of material is done by vote.

Many worthwhile contributions have been rejected this year because of space limitations. The board respectfully thanks all contributors for their submissions and requests that they try again another year.



SHARI SHREINER

Twinkle twinkle
Little moon
Men will land
Upon you soon.
They'll bring their guns
And ammo too
Soon there'll be nothing
Left of you.

Donald P Brown

MURMURING

1. the gargoyle

The sudden gape of its face-
the lips pulled away
to unveil the wind-pitted teeth-
almost hurts the eyes
of passersby.
Ridges of neatly carved flesh
fold around a sneer
that's been clenching air
for years.
And yet . . .
It's about to break into hysterics!

2. garbage cans

Brazen bodies,
lost in the city's shadow,
snuggle up to an old brownstone
and wait for the sun to call.
They hold a frown in their caps
and try to take a nap,
but the weather doesn't relent.
The situation promises to be
a winter spent
alone with the cold.
And the cans are getting old.

3. oh, the woman!

The smell of coffee
combs the space
between the smiling faces.
And her little mouth moves,
but she doesn't say
"Yea, lover."
Her muscles jerk around
inside her skin
like a boy
struggling with a sweaty shirt,
and silver flashes
in the cracks of her eyes
hand you the message
on a platter.

4. "the essence of murmur" — to the poet

Sanity sinks its pretty paws
into the cerebra.
She's a healthy little thing
and very nice,
but sometimes you wanna get a disease.
And every bend of the city
lends opportunity
to blow the crania
with the supersonic mania
of life.
I think you hear the veiled wishes
of the world
murmuring in an almost forgotten ear.
I'm not a seer.
or prophet-fairy either,
but it's good
to ambush the brain
with the whispers of unseen
and insane.

David Albee

THE NIGHT STORM

Wild moaning winds
Chiding the sullen wave,
As o'er bare rock
And hollowed place
And sea-birds nest they lave.
Lowering skies
And drifting clouds threaten
To spend their force
In devastating race
'gainst the dome of heaven.
The night storm - breaks!

Dr. Sidney H Davies

sleeping beyond all
yet near nothing
fond of life
and living
only for a smile
and waiting awhile
stands
gazing downward
deep thoughts
slowing down her eyes
as her mouth dries
in firm comitment
her skin
softly
touches my eyes
and is warm
I feel I must touch
her hair
and there
she pauses and studies me

Edward George

LIFE SONG

"Enter singing joyously"
I'm a slow motion man
earth walking and
my head is jammed
with music
running over screaming
skies and fields of color
and living this fast
is like dancing inside
yourself
and I can't
hold it
or keep it
or contain it
any longer
"KA*BANG!!!" (explosion)
dim lights. . .

Edward George

A QUICK TRIP HOME

variations on a theme by Anthony Hecht
A shiny puddle of cold water
lies on the sink bottom
and brushes against my hand
when I touch the drain.

* * * * *

The weather is chilly-blue
and the wind chops through the tree branches.
People down from the North
sit on their lawn chairs
to sun themselves.
Sometimes they think of home.
A person alone might remember a song
and sing some of it into the hollow air.
Maybe mother would recall an old argument
and weep almost silently.
The boy still knows how well he spent
a weekend
by the sea
years ago.
But her face is a blur.

* * * * *

I touched the icy water
and it clung to me,
running down to my wrist.
But I didn't notice;
I was having a vision or
maybe it was just memory,
'though it seems I was standing
in a different room.
The mahogany walls were bouyed up by old sofas
and the air was choked with dryness.
A mustachioed man stepped into the room
and smiled.
How slowly his arm rose from his side;
his hand reached for me.
Within the interval of an opening and closing
of the mind, the sink looked up at
my face again.
Someday I'll trip over the right piece of mind
and fall flat on my past.
At present I'm live and well
and living in the limbo of human sanity.

David Albee

THE WORLD

Mikel Moan

MORNING

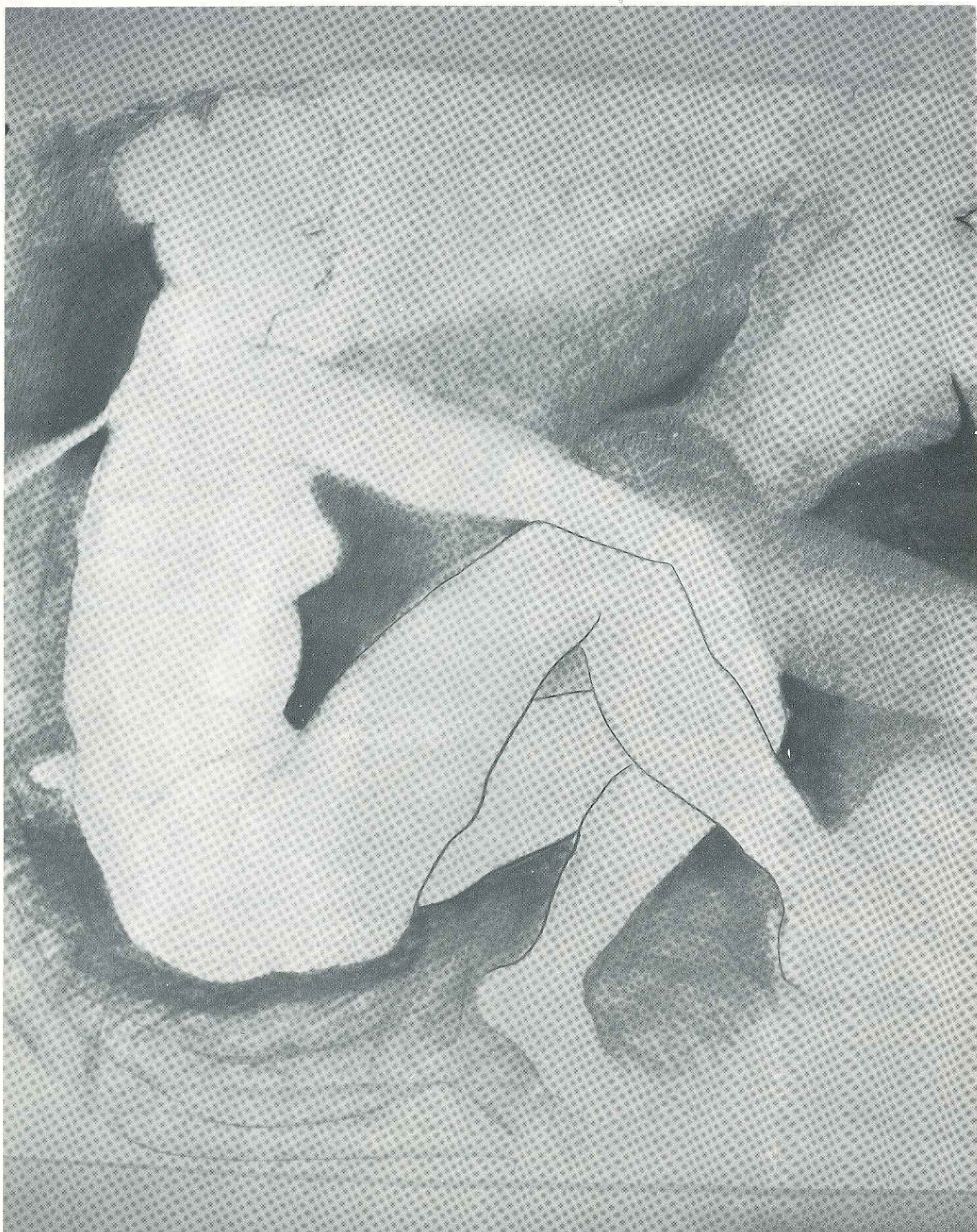
O sweet morning of dewed awakening,
When trees seem just awake as they
 green themselves in the sun,
But sleep in the dark morning shade
 still cool—
Hidden moist by the reaches of the
 still slumbering giant
That holds the earth as its pillow.
The day's breeze begins its inland
 journey
And in passing shakes the green
 figure;
Now moving listless in awakening
 light.
At last a full wind blows and
 shakes the sleep away,
The first break of light streams
 through
And blinds the opening eye warming
 slowly in the harbored darkness;
That laps upon the grass like the
 early morning swell
Sleepily moving the sand and greeting
 the early piper.
The birds sing softly an opening tune—
Meant to awaken but not abuse—
To enliven but let rest;
Till the last dew is warmly raised .
The clear song mixes with the bright
 mornings softness;
And poured upon the early hours in
 blue liquid skies
Rubs musically the night's work
 from the eyes.
Full ready now, the morning sunrise
 is supped
To further prepare the slowly coming
 thought.
Once more in passing warmer breeze
Shake the new waken leaves
Just turning to the eastern shore.
Now with the last bit of darkness gone
From every western lawn,
Save where the crouching shadows hide
Who loved too long and missed the
 receding tide,
The full picture shines bright
Set to work in the late morning light,
Where rhythm of rest drove a lazy tone
And the morning rise broke into a
 mixed cadence
That now flows in nature's mechanized
 dance
Shaking off the morning's chills
When each pleasure some duty fills.
Into the midrise heat fades the morning,
With no beginning and no end
Its gone.
For the morning is but what the night
Can impress upon the daylight.

Ed Rosner

SNOWFALLS

I've lost track of the number of snowfalls
 that have fallen since you left.
I cannot count the number of winters
 that have come and gone
 since that day we parted.
The snowfalls which have covered
the ground ever since that day
 have brought with them
 an icy coldness that has settled
over my world.
There are no longer any distinct seasons.
But rather, one undefineable span
of time—a blur of days and months
 all merged into one.
A constant vacuum of silence
in which the only sounds are those
 of saddened snowflakes
 softly falling upon the
 ground.
Within my perpetual winter a chill
 fills each room within my world.
No longer breathes there a warm
and pleasant summer breeze.
No longer do the golden rays of a summer
 sun fall upon a rich and green,
 soft summer carpet.
The grayness of the sky and the
blackness of each snow-covered
object fills the scope of my vision.
I can no longer tell by the changes
 in the seasons when it was we
 parted.
There are no longer springs and falls,
but rather the coldness of winter,
filled with never ending snowfalls.

James Scruggs



LIZ INDIANOS

Good-bye
 Hell-o
 Good-bye
 Hell-o
 And finally
 Good-bye
 Isn't that a part of life?
 Isn't leaving someone life?
 Isn't giving to someone life?
 Isn't sharing with someone life?
 Isn't loving someone life?
 Why then, must we
 leave
 give
 share
 or
 love
 and to at last say
 Good-bye?
 Why oh why?

Beth Kamenski

NATURE'S CHILD—1970

Take me through your secret land
 Let me plow your field
 Let me ride your dragon, Child
 Protect me with your shield.
 Riding through your forest glen
 Below your towering trees
 Excited by the morning sun
 Upon the Autumn leaves.
 I see your wonderous waterfall
 I feel its magic spray
 I know just what I want to do
 But thoughts I can't convey.
 In grassy fields I want to roam
 And touch your virgin soil
 And as the misty moon appears
 I want to reach new oil.
 I dive into your gentle brook
 Your waters are so deep
 Upon your mossy banks I rest
 And there I fall asleep.
 I want to speak of how I feel
 But I just can't compare
 The happiness inside of me
 And the love I know we share.
 I struggled to your mountain top
 Just the other day
 Tonight I want to be with you
 And in your valley lay.

Donald P. Brown

THEM

Where have they gone?
 What have they done?
 They are here but have left.
 They are so far away;
 but yet, I can reach out
 and touch them — it doesn't matter,
 they wouldn't feel anyway.
 They died long ago, you see,
 to be reborn in a lifeless form
 to play the game of living
 by going through the motions
 and barely, even then.
 They don't care.
 And what's even worse
 they don't want to care.
 That's their tragedy.
 They will tell you they are very much alive;
 are having so much fun doing . . .
 what? They never really say.
 Whose fun are they having?
 Helen and George's across the street
 or maybe Pete and Gladys' up town.
 They are having someone else's fun
 and pretending that it's theirs.
 You see, they departed ages ago
 to a world of other people's fancy.
 They took over by use of plasticity
 and faking their way from friend to friend.
 They made themselves the Gods of that land
 by being better than all the Jones'.
 But they were only fooling themselves
 and fooling others like them.
 They returned as products of a mold
 called the Establishment;
 soaking up all they were exposed to
 like a sponge and staying uncommitted
 to everything except their prestige.
 They made themselves proprietors of
 a land that wasn't theirs:
 to rule and give orders.
 But you and I ignored them
 to live our own lives
 which consisted of those things
 called abstractions;
 things that they wouldn't understand
 because they are based on personal opinion.
 They could not own our bodies
 or rule our private minds
 because they are mine and yours
 and not a public scene.
 Let them live for their prestige;
 and for their dedication to the Jones's.
 "Don't you see? You and I are the Jones's."
 and we don't give a damn.

Lynne Preston

SUPERFINE BOATYARDS

Depressed now
Unselfish now
 Later to change-one or both,
Physically exhausted
a mental awakening
 Pointed finger at a pregnant woman,
 Look again and laugh,
 Then wish alone it was
 yourself . . .

We are romantics
We are sailors
 yet its been a long time since
 our ship came in.

Bill Lang

It is a child petting a tiny kitten,
 A mother mending a ragged mitten.
It is a kiss on a summer's night,
 Father and son flying a kite.
It's seeing your daughter graduate,
 And remembering the day you taught her to skate.
It's realizing your son will soon be a man,
 And saying to yourself, "Have I done all I can?"
It's having someone to tell problems to,
 Holding hands under a sky of blue.
ALL THESE THINGS ARE LOVE.
What is the greatest, most perfect love?
 That which was sent to us from above.
Christ Jesus died that we might live—
 Is not life the greatest love one can give?

Nancy Perry

DROPS

If what I have put to my lips
 be love so pure and sweet,
then let naught else e'er fill my cup
that I may drink of it.
For sweeter drops my lips ne'er
 touched than that I drink today.
And sweeter still the drops
will be she gives another day.

James Scruggs

APPLESAUSE TURNPIKE WEDDING

hey Baby
Sell me a cloud
I'm hooked on a dream
My altitude is 47 miles
I stole an ice cream
From the vendor man
He cursed me as I ran
And he cut me as I swam
Thru the lilly pads
In my aluminum canoe
I can remember when
Lake Erie was still a
Fresh water lake
And water dances
Over fire in the night
I'm swimming thru the steam
I see the crystal gleam
In a dream
How can I explain the atmosphere
You'd have to see it to believe it
The twisted light
The sacred night
There's music all around me
(I'll drowned in sound)
As if it's running thru me
And now there's something new-ME
I see it all so clear
If only I'd been here
A year ago
Or so
To see me then
Where have I been
For all these years
Drinking beer
And thinking that was how to get stoned
I now own my own airline
And I can fly anywhere
For half-fare
And go first class
I wear my seat belt in case I crash

Donald P Brown

Alligators walk softly as the onion
Talks philosophy with the clouds
Deminishing caterpillars join in for poker
As the Kansas wheat stands proud.
Only once through the darkness
Did the neon grass speak
And the barb wire strands
Remain ever so meek.
Styrofoam lanterns
Cry out in the night
While the russeling turnips
Continue their plight.
The habadashery salesman
Has come well equipt
In Palmer's new Volkswagon
With the gears that are stripped.
Eric Von Staffel
Ran far, far away
To return to his pine trees
For his crime he will pay.
Majestic soul seekers
Sing songs to the sun
And the rascals of love
Are still on the run.
Eternity's sanddunes
Look fast for their call
As the buffalo decides
This ain't real at all.
I have visions of methadrine
As I lay there asleep
And I wonder if water
Will turn stale in a week.
Bridges of poverty
Loom left and right
And the great albatross
Has just left my sight.
Flea-bitten ladies
Return to the South
And here, just for you,
Is a punch in the mouth.
Although this poem seems to have
no meaning today,
It will all be explained
On my Applesause Turnpike Wedding Day.

Eric Staffel

HIS DEATH TOOK BUT AN INSTANT

His death took but an instant.
And so quick was it
that had I not been looking
at him at that precise moment
when Eternity
fulfilled its promise, it
would have gone unnoticed.
But in noticing his death
I was made acutely aware
of the utter and complete
senselessness of human
conflict—
when man combats man,
when there is war.
Had he died in other circumstances
my thoughts would have
been projected in other directions
and his death I would
have placed little or no
importance upon; had Fate
dealt differently with him.
For he died not fighting
as those around him
were; for that would have
given some pardon
for the death blow;
to have been in combat with others
some reason might there have been.
But he died as he sat,
silently and fearfully
engrossed in all the horror
and ugliness of war.
His weapon, at his side,
was lying idly. By his side,
untouched, his death stroke was.
Nor, I'm certain, had Justice
singled out his death as
punishment for deaths before.
His face was bathed
in innocence of war.
His eyes laid bare the truth
of his ignorance of such.
He died and thus was raised
the question of war's purpose.
Too many deserving walked away
while dead he lay
upon the ground—
thus was raised the question
of why his innocence was ended.
And I began to ponder all
the many others identical
to him whom Earth had reclaimed.
I, at that moment,
felt within my breast
the injustice of such human strife,
those who should die live on—.
His death took but an instant.
I alone beheld him die.
And as I walked away I
thought I saw upon
his face for all
eternity to see the question
I yet carry within my soul.
"Why?"

not a sound
but a clear silent
feeling . . .
any name fitting
and remembering
not with sorrow
but smilingly
thoughts of yesterdays
never to return
lost and gone
but yet
still so much a part
of now
a fine healthy rain
not faintly trickling
but stinging and pounding
the slick black asphalt
pointless cheerful phrases
drifting above the whisper
of swishing rain
and the laughter
of warm wet contentment

Edward George

James Scruggs

"TRAGEDY"

a bedtime story
variations on a theme by T. S. Eliot

Houses,
creaking and wrinkled,
stand where I used to live.
Winds reside there
and slip past a naked bed
on their way to the prevailing westerlies;
I dreamt of you once.
The women dance to a different tune;
I don't know it.
The drinks have been served
and spilled.
Stains will remind me of laughter
in a small room.
And faded curtains
Hang around the tomb.
I whisper something in a corner.
The women dance to a different tune;
I don't know it.
Night holds up its fat, black blanket
and conversations drop and die
in brittle, piece-of-crystal sighs.
WELL, GOOD HEALTH TO YOU ALL,
I LOVE YOU ALL.
(The children made a snowman
down the street.
Dogs sniff it and greet appropriately.
The day nods at me
and chuckles below the horizon.
I yawn and
wink back.)
Last night, asleep and alone,
I heard a whimper
and turning,
caught a glimpse of my reflection
in life's mirror.
And, in short,
I was afraid.
This morning, I drink the coffee
and taste the cakes
& ask what make of man am I?
&
How am I to believe my eyes
and ears?
I don't even live here.
I start to cry.

David Albee

THE SUNDAY PAPER

Family of nine killed by son
Father watches as he butchers eight
with the kitchen knife
and then calls the police.
Fourteen die on highways in the state
seven in a head on collision.
Death toll in Viet Nam rose this week.
One group of villagers killed by mistake.
Dick Tracy zapped out another cop
in his fight for crime.
The middle east exploded again.
Fighting going on between five countries.
Monk burns himself to death in streets of L.A.
shouting to all of mankind
PEACE!

Kathy Lesko

MOVE WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

Skip Lloyd stood before the impressive array of thirty-odd shirts hanging in his closet and finally selected a long sleeve tattersall that neatly complemented the faded blue jeans he was so fond of wearing. The cool June breeze that sifted through the tiny squares of the window screen told him to take a jacket with him when he left for the baseball game. He knew how chilly the Cleveland area became when the night breezes began to blow. On this Friday night, Skip and a group of friends were driving from their homes in Shaker Heights to Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, where the Cleveland Indians were to play the Boston Red Sox.

He finished buttoning his shirt and wondered where in the mammoth stadium Mike and the other boys might want to sit. He half suspected that Mike Singer, his closest friend, would want to sit behind third base, but he knew the wind would blow directly into their faces if they did.

Skip looked up quickly when the bright blue and green bathrobe of his mother caught his eye. He watched her enter the room and plant her feet squarely in the middle of the tiger skin rug in Skip's bedroom. He thought it funny that he should be thinking of wind blowing into his face, because he suspected his mother would have a few words for him. Mrs. Margaret Lloyd was a heavy-set woman, whose dull, gray hair made her look older than her forty six years. For nineteen years, she had raised her only son in much the same way her domineering father had raised her. Her marriage to Harvey Lloyd, the associate city editor of the Cleveland *Plain-Dealer*, was a mutually satisfying one; yet Skip thought she intensely wanted him to outdo his father in many ways. She had sent him to prestigious Cleveland Tech, and had him admitted to Case Western Reserve, although Skip thought that her position on the Cuyahoga County school board was a major influence on his acceptance at Case. Because Skip had done poorly during his last term, he anticipated some sort of reprimand from his demanding mother. As he looked at her, he thought she cut an imposing figure as she stood on the sleek tiger skin.

"Would you like to tell me where you plan on going tonight? I don't want you running all over Cleveland again tonight."

Hardly had her words been spoken when Skip issued a quick reply. His voice was hard and emphatic.

"First, Mike and I and a bunch of other kids are going to a ball game. Then we're going to the Fortune Wheel. O. K.?"

As an afterthought, he shot out, "Then, we might run all over Cleveland again tonight."

Mrs. Lloyd's eyes focused sharply on her teenage son and her arms folded across her hefty bosom.

"Young man! You listen to me," she said, as she moved a step closer to him. "I want you home just as soon as that game is over. Do you hear me?"

Skip could not help but hear her stentorian voice.

"You've been out all hours of the night this past week, and it's about time you came home at a decent hour. After your last term at Case, you might think of doing something constructive with your time."

Skip was now on the defensive side, and he unconsciously moved back and away from his mother's cold stare.

"Mother, you know I did my best. What's wrong with a couple of D's? And, besides, I know when I should come home. I'm not going to live by your rules forever."

Mrs. Lloyd's anger was intensifying, and she quickly went back on the offensive.

"As long as you live in this house, you'll listen to me. I'm sick and tired of your incessant night life. From now on, you be home at 11:00 or you won't be going out at all."

Skip's head turned sharply, and his gray eyes met his mother's identically gray eyes, which now seemed fiercely different from the eyes he was accustomed to seeing.

"Are you trying to tell me that I have to be home at eleven every night?"

"That's right, young man," she declared in a most decisive tone, "and you had better be in this house at eleven or have a good excuse for not being here. No more of your carousing all over Cleveland."

Where did she get the idea that I was carousing all over Cleveland? Skip admitted that he had been out after midnight, but he wasn't running all over Cleveland.

"And another thing, Harvey," his mother said, as she moved off the tiger skin, "I don't want you going to that Fortune Wheel place anymore."

Skip winced at the sound of these words. He despised the name Harvey, and had long since called himself Skip.

"Wait a minute," he said. "What's wrong with the Fortune Wheel? It's the only decent place a college kid can go to these days."

"You heard what I said," Mrs. Lloyd answered, as she deftly avoided Skip's question and turned to leave. "Just remember to come home after the game."

"How can I forget?" Skip answered weakly.

The adamant stand of his mother seemed to weaken his resistance. Skip lit a cigarette, and sat on the edge of his large double bed to ponder the brief encounter. How ridiculous, he thought, for a curfew to be imposed on a college student. Skip had always tried to understand his mother, for he knew that her father had been strict with her. But should he take this? The image of a clock with the hands set at 11:00 remained in his mind. As he crushed the last burning spark on the tip of his cigarette, the blare of a horn pierced the solitude of his bedroom. Mike is here, Skip thought. He swiped at the dangling brown hair that fell over his forehead, and left his bedroom. After reaching the stairs, he retraced his steps and retrieved the pack of cigarettes he had thrown disgustedly on the tiger skin rug. With a sudden violent motion, Skip kicked the face of the tiger and imagined his mother falling from her past position on the animal's back onto the wooden floor.

From the seats behind third base, one could get an unobstructed view of the playing field of Municipal Stadium. But along with the vantage point came the discomfort of strong winds blowing into the spectators' faces. Skip found little consolation in the fact that he had anticipated sitting there, and the wind annoyed him. He did not talk about his family problems, although his friends had asked him why he was so sullen on that brisk, summer evening. Skip watched the ball game with little interest, although he found himself applauding and cheering as if he were attentive to the action on the field. His mind was focused on the problem of the curfew. As he was debating possible approaches he might take, he found himself aware of Mike screaming at a Cleveland base runner, who was rounding third base and heading for home. Mike was yelling, "Move! Move!", and Skip's mind captured this word and held it firmly in place. As he applauded the efforts of the base runner, Skip thought the idea of moving was intriguing. A possibility to consider, he thought.

During the sixth inning, Mike turned to Skip and asked, "Would you object to moving over to the first base side? The wind is bothering me."

"Sure, let's go," Skip replied. Move when the wind blows in your face, thought Skip, and again he thought of moving. It made sense to move, he reasoned; then, maybe the wind won't blow so hard.

After the game, Skip dutifully went straight home. His friends thought it unusual for the usually gregarious Skip to call it a night at an early hour, but none deemed it necessary to ask for a reason.

Skip locked the door behind him, and seemed oblivious to the first greetings of his father. Mr. Lloyd was a tall man, who at six foot two was an inch taller than Skip. His balding head and expanding waistline were signs that he was getting up in age, but he was an active man for his fifty years. Mr. Lloyd knew of his wife's curfew imposition, and he set out to get his son's reaction to it.

"I understand your mother put a little time limit on your evening activities."

Skip was somewhat reluctant to talk about it, but he thought that his father would understand, and perhaps talk his mother out of her harsh position.

"She sure did," he replied without much emotion; "she sure did."

"You know, she has a point, Skip," Mr. Lloyd offered. "You have been out a lot lately, and it won't hurt you to come in earlier for a while."

Skip's eyes widened slightly, and he asked, "Do you agree with her? I mean, do you think I should be forced to come in early?"

"Like I said, it won't hurt you, Skip. Your grades at Case. . ."

"My grades, my grades," Skip interrupted. "Is that all you and mom think about?"

Skip's explosion of emotion caught his father by surprise. Irritated, he said, "Skip, you listen to me. Your grades are important to your mother and me, if not to you. You're not too old to be punished, you know."

Skip's image of an understanding father vanished. He stood and watched as his father lit a cigarette, extinguished the match, and blew the smoke in the general direction of Skip's head.

"Wind blowing in my face again," thought Skip. "Move when the wind blows."

The silence was broken by the voice of Mrs. Lloyd, who was standing near the top of the stairs.

"I'm glad you heard what I said," she called down. Skip noticed a definite ironic tone in her voice.

"But remember," she continued, "be in at eleven tomorrow night."

Skip turned slowly and saw only the bright blue and green bathrobe disappear behind the bathroom door. He turned again to his father, and again the smoke from his father's cigarette blew into his face.

"You know," he said slowly, but distinctly, "I'm beginning to wonder."

At this moment, the nineteen years of Skip's life seemed to drift by. The events of the last few hours—the argument with his mother, the curfew, the wind blowing in his face—came into focus. Skip no longer wondered. He knew. The decision had been made in the last few seconds.

"Wonder about what?" his father asked.

Skip gave him no answer. He looked blankly at his father, but his eyes did not see Mr. Lloyd's face. He turned quickly and bounded up the stairs. He walked briskly from the hall at the top of the stairs to his bedroom. He looked down at the tiger skin rug and slowly pushed it under his bed. He lit a cigarette, and waited for his time to come. Eleven o'clock was all but forgotten as curfew time; yet his parents would always remember it.

The Saturday morning sounds of lawn mowers roaring and children playing broke the silence in Shaker Heights. Mrs. Lloyd watched her husband leave for the office, and hoped that a big story would break so that he could write a feature article. She performed her daily clean up chores and fixed dinner for herself and Skip. She knocked on the door of his bedroom and impatiently called his name. Exasperated after several efforts to wake him, Mrs. Lloyd opened the door, and prepared to rouse him from his sleep. She was greeted as she entered by a brisk, morning breeze that moved swiftly off Lake Erie and blew into her face. She moved to avoid it, but so had her son.

Tom Filipkowski

HUNTER'S STEW

Twisting

Turning

Writhing in pain.

The wound bleeding—needing care.

A maimed thing seeks a place of refuge.

In the _____ distance
rustling bushes
barking hounds
feet pounding—
deadly sounds!
Coming

Closer

Louder

A SHOT!

A SCREAM!

simmer one hour
add salt—to taste

Sheila Meehan

BRAIN-RAPE

in the do-nothing, see-nothing
humdrum life that
i lead,
few things surprize me,
but last night something happened
(i don't know what)
that managed to shock me
i
was sitting in my row boat
on top of my wishing well
smoking my water pipe
when my pet vulture
"Fang"
told me that i was in for
a change in weather
i calmly prepared for my steam bath
and told my pet to cook my breakfast
of minced words
and a nice cold glass of sarcasm
i
put on my double-breasted raincoat
and my crystal slippers
and settled down to read my
horror-scope
to see what my future held
well. . .
you can imagine
how shocked i was
to find out that i *was* due for a change
and soon!
my friend, the doctor, came over
and told me not to get excited
that everyone went through
these little "changes of life"
and that just because i wouldn't be
"normal"
for a few days. . .or more,
it wasn't anything to worry about
but when i asked him what
"normal"
was, he screamed out
"you shouldn't have asked me that!"
and then he ran away
of course, it's all over now, and
i can laugh about it,
or should i say sneer,
anyway, it wasn't so bad
i just found out that i was
"no-good"
and that i had a mild case of:

psycointroneuroextroschzoidopseudomaschosadoparanoimaniaphoboaitis.
complicated by a deep seated desire to make wild mad love to
my great-great-grandfather
and further complicated by
a hyper-sensitive feeling of
inadequacy, combined with
severe cerebral awareness
hinging on a sophisticated
intellectual defense and
a tendency release closely related to
projecto-transference
with symptoms of
acute intra-egonegativia
and now that i realize my
problems
(or qualities)
it's all relative you know,
in any event,
now that i'm aware of them,
my friend, the doctor,
tells me that he won't come near me
because i've got B.O.
ah well. . .
such is life.

Dadi



ROBERT JORDAN

WELL, AT LEAST IT RHYMES

I'm drunk and I'm weary
And well on my way
Ill return to my birth place
It's there I must stay.
Shampoo and cotton
Are now in the past
In the race for the sun
We'll sure come in last.
Phone books and due dates
Are stuck on the wall
But the chocolate cream pie
It ain't there at all.
Soft light and laughter
Remain till the end
And Alice's restaurant
Is just 'round the bend.
Flowered sheets on the bed
With pajamas to match
Bring vodka and gin
And I'll mix up a batch.
The Animal's White House
Remains to be seen
Today she's a pig
Tomorrow she's lean.
I eat from the floor
And play with my food
And I love to sniff armpits
If I'm in the right mood.
The TV's on fire
The drugs, they grow old
It's a hundred degrees
My God! It seems cold.
My suitcase just sits there
The airline ticket still attached
The cops will come soon
That's why the door's latched.
I long for the snow
Such a beautiful sight
You'll never understand
But I know that I'm right.

Eric Staffel

ISTHMUS

Naked, black branches
wake me from dreamless sleep.
Their nails scratch the windows
and grate on roof patches.
A cry, echoing through the cold,
seems to travel from some corner of the horizon.
And into the loneliness of sky
steps the sun,
a giant, white globe
seen through the frozen air
that hangs in great voids
between houses and fences.
The hoary ghost shivers,
spreads its nebulous form
and glides into a misty morning
on the whispers of winter wind.
From behind dusty curtains,
I watch the empty parade of nature
march into day.
Shingles and insulated walls
domesticate the air
captured from the atmosphere.
Deep in the loins of the house,
a furnace breathes life into dead pipes
and keeps the cat purring.
But the walls and native air
can't keep an inner chill from freezing me.
Nor can the furnace,
tucked away in the cellar,
warm my ineffectuality.
I live in a coffin
built by the jibes of witless children,
children of society's inhuman stones.
I'm an offshore island
just out of reach of the mainland,
cut off from other islands
by a rising tide of fear,
a gradual inundation
that nibbles away our life source.
The fine looking bridges have been eroded,
leaving us to die in our own arms
with isthmus on our lips.

David Albee

TO BE BLACK

To be the last hired, first fired,
To be the lowest man on the highest totem pole,
To be the receiver of the most unequal justice in the land
 Is to be Black.
To be the carrier of the weighted jug
 Instead of holder of the cash,
To be in the slums of the city
 And try not to think of the stench;
To be strong in the face of oppressed misery
 Is to be Black.
To stand with pride when fairer skins smite you,
To look at them in full self-esteem
 And not hold your head in shame,
To be a striver for higher goals
 Just as the great Dr. King was
 Is to be Black.
Now, so many things are changing
And Black men are afforded more liberty.
Soon, the day will come when Black men will be free.
Yes, to be Black will mean to be truly free.

Joyce Hawkins

SPRING

Spring comes when:
 Days take on a golden lustre
 And breezes blow with the
 scent of salt from the sea.
Spring comes when:
 Birds work busily building nests
 And butterflies float on the wind.
Spring comes when:
 The perfume of flowers fills the air
 And young love captures hearts.
Spring comes when:
 The world awakens after the cold
 And nature fills the realm with green.
Spring comes when:
 The robin's voice calls his melody
 And brooks once more flow crystal clear.
Spring comes when:
Nature works her miracles;
 The rebirth of life that
 Rises man's spirit; for as
 The sap rises, so also does man.

Ann Muggleworth

SOCIETY SAYS

Society says:

No longer have I the caprice of a child,
No longer have I the recklessness of adolescence,
No longer can I covet childish fancies. .

This is what society says:

NOW I AM CROWN:

I must exert my thoughts to things of importance,
I am expected to make decisions,
To react with an adult air of sophistication.
I can no longer postpone the transformation. . .

Society says:

Time is short and society can't wait
For fledglings to try their wings.

Overnight the metamorphosis from child to adult
must come. . . .

What irony in it all, for knowing this to be
the impossible, yet it is expected. . .

Thus are the ways of man among man. . . .

Christy

DESPAIR

Silence shrouds the room.

The vacant chair and sofa carry on their infinite discourse;
of nothing.

The hum of the basement oil burner pierces
through the calm.

Outside a fog encompasses the world.

I sit, my thoughts dissolving into
the indifference of the stale air.

A pale light flickers across the room.

My mind is drowning in visions of the past.

It is time for me to go.

As I leave, I drape the facade of life
across my shoulders.

Monte Abramson

Fragmented images

of Americana

dissipate

leaving residues

of Corporate wastes

in the gutters

of the minds

of our leaders

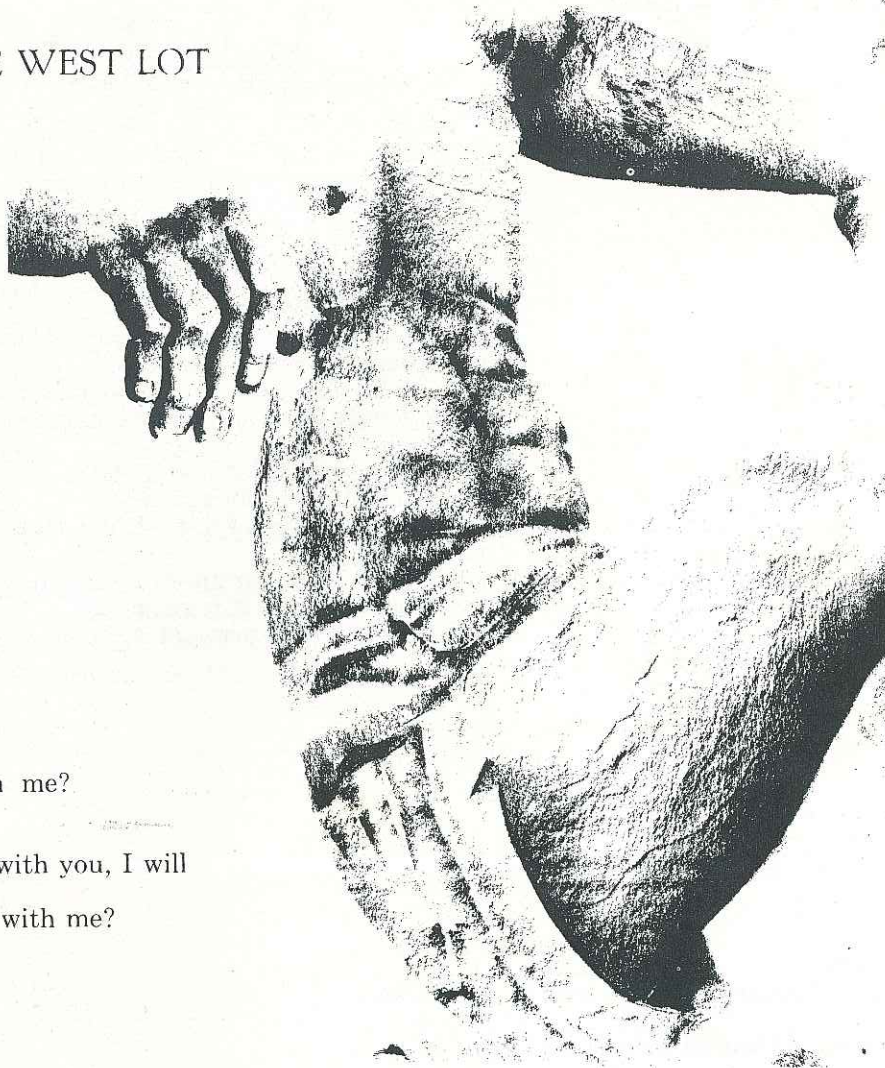
wet dreams.

Monte Abramson

FROM THE WEST LOT

Do you?
Yes.
Really?
Yes.
I'm so happy!
Really?
Yes.
I'm happy too;
Really?
Yes.
Please tell me.
Tell you what?
You know.
I want you.
Tell me more.
I need you.
Tell me more.
I love you.
Again!
I love you.
Again!
I love you.
Oh! I love you too!
Will you come with me?
Where?
Does it matter?
No, as long as I am with you, I will
go anywhere.
Then you will come with me?
Yes! Take me!
Will you—
Yes!
You won't mind?
No!
I love you!
And I love you too!
Take my hand and together we will walk
until the end of time. Sometimes
during the way we may stumble and
fall but with you by my side we
will overcome the difficulties.
It will be a long, hard journey
but with love and trust on our
side we can survive the most
severe conditions. Come now.
Time is running short. Love will
win out over evil. We will seek
peace and happiness until the end.

Donald P. Brown



STEVEN KING

Look
the birds are flying high
they circle around
touch a cloud
and then they're off.
Look
watch the children play
hear the laughter?
without a care in the world
they play.
Look
the oceans' waves meet and part
up to the beach and back again
free to roll on forever.
Look
the people in the world
are they happy?
so many problems and troubles
wandering here and there
the people in the world
should learn
and Look.

Beth Kamenski

GENESIS OF LOVE

A child's soul with innocent love
is born;
Its purity is unadorned.
With guidance from Life's legacy;
Love grows with unbounding piety.
But, Death's genesis doth teach
man's soul;
That true love hath a celestial
goal.
Righteous love of the incarnate soul;
Shall merge eternally.
And enter in God's Holy Abode;
To dwell in blessed Trinity.

Carol Wolfe

Time passes
and with each moment
I love you more.
Days pass
and with each hour
I know you more.
Months pass
and with each season
I treasure you more.
Years pass
and with each sun
I cherish you more.
Time, days, months, years
will never be gone
But you will and when that happens
I will have no need for
Time or days or months or years.
All that will be left
is memories
of you and me.
As the rain falls
and
hits the roof top
My love and thoughts
turn
to you.
Alone, asleep in my bed
and yet not alone,
For you are in my thoughts
and dreams.
For as every day and year .
passes on,
My love grows ever so strong
for you.

Beth Kamenski

POEM TO LEE

Oh! Lee, such sorrow comes to me
Whenever we must part
It seems that when it's time to stop
It's really just the start.
And when I leave your loving arms
Your pleasures I will miss
I'm hungry for your company
And starving for a kiss.
When sleepy eyes meet morning sun
I raise my weary head
I think of gentle moments past
And kind words that you've said.
I long for moments after work
When we can get together
I long for moments in your arms
When we can make it better.
I know some day I'll never be
Required to leave your sight
In loving arms I'll come to rest
And there I'll spend the night.

Donald P. Brown

I SOMETIMES WONDER

Whether you are content
or contentious
under the contract?
Love and loved?
Do you ever want to wander
Like to
Find happiness
under the bond of friendship?
Content to be your lover
Keeper of your kind and Gentle Love.
Yearning to hold you
only to love you
under the bond of friendship
Sometimes
all happiness is
living and
Loving
you
under the bond of friendship

Daniel Zea

FIRE GLOW

Watch the fire flames flicker and glow,
Watch them leaping high and low,
Watch the ever-changing blaze,
The earth's snowy, shiny glaze.
See the logs slowly turning to ember
As the lovers sit and chat and remember.
And as the evening draws to a close
And wind heaps up the drifts of snow;
Watch the snow flutter and fly,
Watch the fire flicker and die.

Ann Muggleworth

POEM

the sun must
sometimes
looking at your face
wonder
why it was called to work
in sympathy i bought it a hat

Richard Sheffield

CALABAN

A throbbing pain in the back of his left eye slowly brought consciousness back to him. He opened his eyes just enough to see a ball of lint, a crumpled sock, several cigarette butts, and an overturned empty bottle of scotch. Pain attacked every joint in his body, making the effort to roll over virtually impossible. He tried to remember where he had been the night before, but the concentration caused intense pains around his temples. He licked his lips, dry and chapped. His tongue felt thick and dehydrated, and it had a bitter taste to it. A smell of dank moisture came to him from the grubby little flat, and he heard harsh sounds of cars honking and crowds walking from the window. He forced himself to stand up, wavering with a light headedness. The plywood cardtable creaked as he leaned on it for support. He rubbed his face trying to rid his eyes of the sleep accumulated from his mysterious night before. He noticed that his suit was wrinkled and stained, and his shirt smelled of old whiskey and sickness. He slowly made it to the bathroom, avoiding the cracked yellow mirror. He turned on the cold water, wincing as the handle made a creaking sound. The yellow water splashed into the dirty sink and he stuck his aching head under the merciless flow trying desperately to regain full consciousness. He dried his face and hands with a used towel and looked at his pallid wrinkled face, deciding that he'd have to shave. Then he remembered! Today was the day he was to apply for the job at Poe High School. What was the time of the appointment? Three o'clock- Let's see, it's 2:30 now, there's just enough time to clean up, and catch the bus before another job goes down the drain. He started to take off the wrinkled jacket on his way to the closet to see if his only clean suit was still there. 'Just stole it last week. . .' 'Perfect fit. . .' Gotta hurry.

He remembered all the other times he'd applied for jobs, and all the appointments he'd cancelled or ignored from pride or some other excuse. He thought back to his "successful days" when he was looked up to, when he was respected. College days when he had money and a future. He remembered the day he married, and how lucky people told him he was to get a girl like Michelle, and how perfect they were together, and how long they would last. He remembered that ugly day too. The day he found Michelle with that. . .artist. He remembered a lot about that day. All those painful memories he'd promised himself he wouldn't let himself think about. He remembered her screams. . .the struggle. . .the gun going off. . .the running. . . 'Got to think of something else damn it!!!'

He was sitting on the bed, holding his dirty socks tightly in his hands, looking in the closet at his clean suit. He lit a cigarette, sucking the smoke deep, holding it in, then blowing a perfect smoke ring. He looked at his watch. 3:00. He stood up, searched his pockets, came up with three one dollar bills and some change. He picked up the empty whiskey bottle and threw it into an old dented wastebasket. He straightened his wrinkled tie, put his soiled wrinkled jacket back on, closed the door to his closet and walked outside.

Dadi



LIBBY WOOLEMS

FRAGMENTS

because her own glass was broken
she stole mine
and spied on me
a man went into a pet store,
bought a pet idea named "justice"
for \$29.85
it bit him and he died
a man announced,
"I want to destroy myself!"
"then"
said the earth,
"don't touch anyone."
I'd rather walk on grass than sidewalk,
it gives my feet more to think about
well, I got my
Hate to keep me warm,
anyhow

Richard Sheffield



DAYDREAM

As I awoke this morning
When the day had just begun
I went out into the country
To enjoy the summer sun.
I walked along until I found
My favorite little spot
So far from home at least in mind
I went there quite a lot.
I found a place beneath a tree
Where I could sit and stare
I stopped to watch the bumble bees
And enjoy the country air.
And then I lay upon my back
And gazed into the sky
I listened to the gentle sounds
And watched the clouds go by.
I dreamed my tender happy thoughts
And never got depressed
And when I got the urge to swim
I simply got undressed
And strolled down to the water's edge
And stuck my big toe in
And when it passed this simple test
I went in for a swim.
After a while the time had come
When I did need a rest
I pulled myself from sweet, cool waters
And slowly I got dressed.
So free and easy-the country days
No worries and no strife
I long now for that gentle place
At home with wildlife.
The animals, they seemed so calm
They seldom got distressed
When nature seemed its loveliest
And I felt at my best.
I'd meditate on memories past
And times that lay ahead
I'd lean back in the soft green grass
Under stars I'd make my bed.
Too often did it come to end
With obligations of the day
Forced to leave the life I love
And live my life another way.
I realize we must work and slave
To get things that we need
But why the heavy emphasis
On such tremendous speed.

Donald P. Brown

We discuss the evils of mankind.
 No resolutions are at hand
 but, maybe, through our own lives
 we can make the world better,
 a little kinder
 with a broader mind,
 less prejudiced,
 truthful (with ourselves and others)
 and maybe freer.
 A release from the binds of society :
 those restrictions that make us slaves
 unnecessarily.
 Foolishly
 and ridiculously
 we obey without question or reason
 and why is what we ask.
 Let's build a new nation
 (and maybe a world)
 that believes in truth and honest dealings
 in a realization of our own personal potential
 and a try to obtain these dreams.
 Not to build on corrupted and diseased foundations
 but on one which is strong and clean.
 We don't need to destroy the old evil ways.
 By themselves, they will fall to the wayside
 useless, having destroying themselves.
 A precipitation of a once fluid and flowing soul
 freezing drop by drop as it touches the floor.
 A giant comes marching from behind
 stomping on each brittle iceberg of me.
 I see what I know of myself fade away
 in their blindness of refusing to see;
 I am desperately and paralyzingly frightened
 of what they are doing to me.
 Through use of fear and treacherous deeds
 they are gaining a foothold in my mind.
 If they succeed
 I shall be no more;
 I will exist like them.
 Death is a better substitute

Lynne Preston

FLY

Fly
 Fly bird fly.
 Touch
 Touch the blue of the sky.
 Paint your designs of happiness
 On the canvas of the clouds.
 Flow
 Flow with the winds of life.
 Never
 No never harbor man's strife.
 Fix your place on the aerial sea
 And be pushed by the wind waves
 In arcs of ecstasy.
 Be pleased with all.

Ed Rosner

GRACE OF THE IRIS

O, Iris your beauties are carved by Praxiteles' hand;
Thy slender stalk like a lofty pedestal doth stand.
upon thy perch your shapely petals well;
Like the ancient Grecian urn atop the stonely well.
Delicate and lacy are your blossoms fair;
Carved with tedious skillful Artist's care.
Thy leaves are blades which pierce the Prussian blue sky;
And stately stand in majesty on high.
The warming sun reflects the color of thy rustic vase;
With brilliant due upon yon vaulted space.
Shining forth lavender, vermillion, translucent blue;
Accented by a splash of misty dew.
Thy rapture is a reflection of an Old Master's hand
Which molds thy splendor seen by lowly man.
O, Iris thy beauty touches this humble soul;
And whispers of a joy yet unfortold.
O, how great this universe would be,
If the outward grace which radiates from thee;
Could be grafted inward on the souls of all mankind;
And banish all ills that plague the human mind!

Carol Wolfe

UNTITLED

Christ and his family stood naked in line
on a dull November morning.
The air was shrouded in gray and
the lines of forgotten souls walked
to the chorus of amerikkka's apathy.
Christ accosted one of the vicers,
and was shoved into the ovens at Daucha, alive.
"It's all right though, he's just a Jew"
was heard, and fell, and dissipated in the moldy dust,
below the fifty flags present for the review.
Christ prayed, and cried, and burned, and died
with the body of an old Rabbi in his charred arms.
The next morning it rained, and in the mail
came hundreds of postcards from churches all over
the world expressing their condolences, with return
postage guaranteed.

Monte Abramson

BEWILDERMENT IN BEAUTY

What hides behind that face of milky beauty,
Soft summer breeze
Mingling green leaves among their court?
Or scented scenes
Of pictured flowery fields
Warm in high noon sun.
Maybe cool brooks
Slipping splashing down moss green rocks
Cold shadowed by towery trees
Blending black on blue lit sky.
Could there be angel white clouds
Glowing shattering bright
On gold fields bounded by musty woods
Of thick dew sodden leaves?
Are there yellow-brown sands
Sifting soft foamy white
From sparkling crystal waves
Mixing cool with hot winds?
What hides in coral colors
Soft pink and white?
What roams hidden
In the inner gardens of beauty
That make the scenes of her soul?
What hides?

Ed Rosner

This God forsaken place
of dead end streets
and no where else to go
I've been mugged and raped
in front of a crowd
who said in unison
isn't that a pity.
Someone ought to do something about that.
I've died a thousand deaths
in misery and Hell.
I've gone too far
into a land of Yr.
where the demons
are the kings
they reign with iron fists
for your body;
chains and shackles
for your mind:
I don't think I can survive;
I'm sinking too fast—
its the third time down.
I am reaching up for someone's hand
But they have slapped it away.

Lynne Preston

MEMBRANES

So where did you go
those
nights
sad?
When you were overcome by
what you had seen
and where you had been,
And how many losing theories
did it take
to make
you
a
scientist?
You say you were driven
to the coastline
Where the Earth's liquid membrane
lingered,
Screaming - Screaming
you told it everything,
Naked - Naked
and crying and frozen
you stood,
But the waves just slipped away
as though
you
were
stone,
Then did you realize the sea
has sorrows of its own?

Bill Lang

THE BRIDGE GAME

"Well, at last, that bridge game is over. I never was so provoked with you in my life as I was tonight. Where in the world did you have your mind? Such stupid plays! And no wonder, with all that yatata, yatata, yatata."

"We won, didn't we?"

"By a mere ten points, through no efforts of yours, you may be sure. I practically played by myself, since you kept your mind on chatting with that stupid Florence Oliver."

"I thought we did fine. I can't remember the rules. Anyway, you are good enough for both of us."

"Obviously. Imagine, making a little slam and not even having bid game! And with a hand like you had. You just ignored my jump bid, so I thought you didn't have anything."

"We only needed three tricks to win the rubber, so I didn't think it necessary to bid game."

"That's not the point; if you've got game, you bid it—that's good bridge. Besides, it would have given us a leg on the next rubber."

"I'm sorry, dear, I'll try to remember next time. Shall we stop for a drink?"

"I think I need one, but if you mean to stop here, why drive out of your way when you can park right in front of the place?"

"Oh, I didn't see any place."

"You can still make it if you hurry. Don't doddle. . . . oh, oh, too late—someone else has it now."

"Here's a place."

"It's too narrow, you'll never make it."

"Oh, I've locked bumpers."

"I told you it was too narrow. Pull up a little and cut it hard to the right, then you can back out okay."

"I don't tell you how to drive when you're driving the car."

"Naturally, I can drive. And if you'll remember, I have yet to dent a fender, or get a ticket and you're always doing it when I'm not with you. Remember last week. . . ."

"Must you bring that up again? Let's park on the lot, it's much simpler."

"And pay 50 cents and leave the keys in the car so someone can run down our battery again playing the radio? I should say not. I'd rather walk an extra block or two."

"Here's a place."

"Right in a mud puddle, as usual, but I can get out on your side. I trust it is dry over there?"

"Yes, dear."

"Lock the car. You know what happened last time the car was left unlocked."

"I can't forget much with you always reminding me."

"You usually forget important things. It's a wonder to me you remembered to be at our wedding on time. I guess you wouldn't have been if you hadn't stayed with Ted and Larry that week end. Maybe we'd both have been better off if you HAD missed the ceremony. At least, you wouldn't still be ruining my bridge."

"A guy can't remember every play all the time."

"I do. But don't tax yourself, dear, just try to remember enough technique so that we can stay in the tournament until the semi-finals, and I'll be satisfied. We can, if you improve *your* game."

"It would be simpler if the Simpsons served cocktails. I get so bored without a drink in all that serious concentration."

"Okay, let's concentrate over a drink right now and check those plays you made tonight with the rules. Let me have the book."

"I don't have it."

"Really, dear, must I think of everything? Did you leave it at the Simpson's?"

"You can get it tomorrow."

"You know very well tomorrow's Thursday, Hilda's day off, and how busy I am because of it. You can pick it up tomorrow yourself."

"In that case, prepare your flower pots, dear, I'll come tearing home ready to put into action some phases of Jane's latest lengthy illustrated lecture on horticulture."

"Well, it wouldn't hurt you to have a hobby. You waste too much time with the boys."

"That's my hobby, and a good one I might say. Here, have a seat."

"Must you always pick a spot right near the door? What's the matter with that table in the cozy, quiet corner near the organ?"

"Good evening, Charlie, play something sweet and dreamy, you know, our old favorites."

"See how much more relaxing it is here by the soft music instead of near that drafty door?"

"Now for a good drink. What will you have?"

"Bridge is not the only thing you can't remember. I'd think that after five years, you'd know without asking."

"We won tonight, So I thought you might change your mind."

"It was still a trying evening. I'll have the same."

"Okay, two scotch on rocks, black label. He's playing our favorite number. Remember the first time we heard that together, dear?"

"How could I forget? You've been around constantly ever since and your bridge is no better now than it was then. Is bad bridge grounds for divorce in this state?"

"You're kidding, of course."

"Well, if we don't stay in the tournament this year until the semi-finals, I'm not so sure that I'm just joking. If you paid attention to my plays when you're the dummy, or if you took the bid more often, instead of passing it off on me just so you could talk to some silly extra woman, you'd learn the game and we'd enjoy it more."

"Possibly true. Possibly. Listen to that catchy tune. Da-dada-da-da . . . hummmmm. . ."

"Your singing's as bad as your bridge, Please don't."

"It's fun trying. Makes me want to dance. Let's go honky-tonking."

"I'm in no mood to struggle with you on a dance floor, too. Not until your course at Arthur Murray's is over, anyhow. I trust it will help."

"My teacher says I'm doing fine. Let me show you tonight."

"For what the course costs, you should at least get compliments. But I can wait until Christmas for the surprise."

"Then shall we have another drink here?"

"I suppose so."

"Your treat, dear, I'm broke."

"Can't you hang onto money, either? What happened to the change from the twenty that you broke at the golf course yesterday afternoon?"

"We fellows had to do something while you girls played that other round."

"No doubt you paid, like you usually do."

"Ted bought a round."

"One out of twenty, probably, I'll pay for this one and keep the change."

"Can't you leave the money on the table, you know it is embarrassing to me to have you pay."

"And it is terribly embarrassing to me to have you raise my bid when you have only two small trump cards in your hand. That was the most stupid bidding I ever heard of."

"Dear, you take this bridge much too seriously. Can't we just play for fun?"

"WE will play bridge well together, or we will dissolve our partnership in all things permanently."

"My, that sounds serious. Are you?"

"Maybe. But here's another drink, dear, and he's playing our favorite song again. Remember that silly girl you had with you the night we met at Martha's bridge party? I wonder what happened to her. She couldn't play bridge, either."

"Funny thing, I saw Peggy just last week. She's married, or was, is divorced now and going to be in town for a month or two. Visiting the Olivers."

"Could that, by any chance, be what you and Florence were discussing this evening?"

"Yes, cute girl, Peggy. Still cute. Shall we have them over for a practice game of bridge some night soon?"

"Heavens, not your ex-girl-friend, Peggy, and that chattering magpie, Florence, for bridge practice! If you really want to practice, and I think it an excellent idea, let's have the Coopers. Sunday's a good night. How about asking them for Sunday night?"

"Dull. But better bridge players, I suppose. Do they drink?"

"Of course, don't you remember last month at their house? "you and Rex mixed the drinks and consequently we never finished the first rubber. I was furious for we had a good lead. You had a hangover for two days."

"I remember the hangover, but not the people. Who'll mix Sunday, if they come?"

"Certainly not you or Rex. Hilda probably. Then it's settled? We'll have them Sunday for a good three rubbers of practice. Or next Sunday for sure."

"Yes, dear, and I promise I'll concentrate and maybe we can win the tournament this year."

"Let's drink to that. Win the tournament, and bury the hatchet on all our differences."

Marion R. Cleveland

TO TOUCH

We live to reach, to touch,
To bring each other warmth.
If I could maybe ease your hurt, let me try.
Can I somehow help you smile?
You have to understand,
You must believe
There is so little time—
To hate, to ignore, to simply not care
Is such a senseless waste.

Kitty Kelly

AWAY AGAIN

You've just told me that you're going away again.
I've heard you say it before. . .

sometimes with your mouth
sometimes with your eyes,
but never when our bodies are as one.

. . . I'm glad you're weak that way.
Someday you may leave forever.
Can't I have you inbetween?

now
while I have half a chance.
Will you be happy away from me?

Selfishly, I hope not.
Will you really think of me often?
Or just tell me you do.

What do you tell your friends about us?
You never let me meet them you know.
Love doesn't always last forerer.

Maybe ours will.
Like the Benevolent Whore,
let me have you. . .

now.
When love leaves - then so shall we.

David Young



BENJAMIN BRUCE

EARLY MORNIN' DREAM

Being alone doesn't make me alone
just lonely
Early mornin' dreams awaken me to a new world outside.
outside
where rain falls only to be beautiful
and birds yawn, soon to sing
to walk outside on a three a.m. morning
to see life asleep
to reach out and touch that life
and I . . . ,
to hold it
to live the questions
to touch the dreams,
and I would share this three a.m. life with you.

Debbie Paulin

DEATH & AN OLD RHYME

The heavy iron toll of the monastery's bells
winds its message through midnight's falling snow.

And nothing stops to listen, but the
dead bird's bones.

(pictures hang on the walls of the tomb

proclaiming his greatness - comrade -

The paint has since been renewed, the scriptures reworded and his soul has since sold out and can be found at the corner stand under Russian History.

invictus (paperbackus.)

The ugly

lie along the road and pinch the dirt the coach rides over.

They scramble for the emperor's spittle
as it hits the dust and rolls into little balls. Beautiful.

(beads click upon each other, syllables of prayer

slide into the soft light holed up in the blackened body
of the sanctuary, then quick movement of ceremony and
dust begins to fill the space left by the warm-blooded sinner.)

A captain stood directly behind him

gazing into the haze of dawn.

And in an ancient afternoon,

the battle rose and fell like some

prehistoric hell-

the captain smiled for the napalm

and laughed at the shells.

He grins there now - still and skeletal.

(the clouds look at the lip of the cliff.

The rope swings out with you;
close your eyes and let go — it's such a long wait
the wind whistles sharps going by.

And when you get there

be sure to drop me _____ a postcard or line or . . .
the cupboard (is) bare.

David Albee

SOMETHING OF THE PAST

I know a tree.
I knew a tree.
I used to play there when I was young.
I mean, you know, when I was a little kid.
We used to have a treehouse in that tree.
Not a big one.
Just a couple boards really.
Larry J.
He fell out of that tree and broke his arm.
Arms.
We used to play baseball there.
That tree was second base.
I guess you just sorta get a sentimental
feeling about a tree like that.
At least I did.
Then my father sold that tree.
Actually, he sold the land the tree
was on, but the tree went with it.
I guess that's normal procedure.
Now it's somebody else's tree.
But I'll always know it's really our tree.
Today a man came with an ax.
And chopped the tree down.
They're probably gonna use the tree to make
toothpicks or some other useful item like that.
The tree fell and landed on his
stupid tractor and broke it.
I laughed, but I cried.
I heard they want to make that land
a parking lot.
P.S. Keep America beautiful.
Chop down the tree of your choice today.

Donald P. Brown

NOW IS ALL THERE IS

time——
The pinprick in eternity
In which we are programed. . .
Set into motion to:
Love
Hate
Work
Play
Act
React
Question
Answer
Live
Die. All within
That tiny space afforded us
In the vast continuum
Here we must fit—
Never before
Never after—
Only now.
We must do what we are to do
NOW——
Time waits not
But passes us by on its way. . . .
To infinity.

Christy

